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THE FRENCH AND THE GERMANS.

II.—THE GERMANS.

AN attempt to analyse German society, and to mark clearly the line which separates one class from another, can never be so successful as a similar attempt in regard to French society. The French character is shallow, excitable, and talkative, and the voice of every class is distinctly heard, or as distinctly missed. We have seen in a former article that it is not difficult to fix the nature and the importance of that contribution which each class lends to the formation of the national character. We have seen that the nation is so disunited by the want of public spirit in the great middle-class that it is possible to view the working-man, the bourgeois, the soldier, or the peasant, quite apart from each other, and as if they belonged to different races, and were governed by different interests. But when we have clearly discriminated the component parts of French society, the difficulty is to arrive at a true estimate of that French public spirit which appears so fickle, so weak, and so blind. Now, the study of German society presents exactly the opposite difficulty. The German character is stable, persevering, and silent, and, therefore, while it is easy to read the single-minded public spirit of Germany, it is immensely difficult to eliminate its different classes. Similarity of character seems to knit the Germans closely together, and to defy a mischievous foe from breaking their ranks, and dividing their interests. We shall therefore only attempt to point out the broadest class distinctions, but we shall dwell at some length upon the character and the spirit of the united German people.

Although at this moment Germany is ruled by a minister in whom the aristocratic principle is very strong, and whose arrogant and unscrupulous policy is all drawn from that source, still the nobles are of no account in our present rough calculation. The German aristocracy is as proud as it is uninfluential, and an English valet would fail to realize the insolence of German nobles or the servility of German tradesmen. In Berlin society a code of etiquette prevails which is almost as intricate as it is contemptible. We can therefore ignore the titled classes in a rough analysis of German society; and if we wish to study a higher and a lower order, we can always find it in the great middle class. But the German peasantry demands special attention, from its singularly isolated condition. The peasant is a sober, virtuous, and industrious creature, but so profoundly superstitious as to resist all the efforts of the Government to teach him. Wrapped in his cloak of narrow conservatism, he seems to be quite detached from the townspeople, and the shopkeeper, making an excursion into the country, looks with a certain reverence at the peasant, with his rude, unbending manners, and at his homestead, with its roof tenanted by the propitious stork. Although, in his unenlightenment, he is not in accord with the intelligent spirit of the country, yet his simplicity and steadfastness must help to strengthen the national character in these qualities. On the contrary, the middle class seems to take the fullest advantage of Government and voluntary education, and constitutes, in all its grades, an order very highly cultivated in proportion to its wealth. It cannot be compared with the education of our middle class. It is an education of a different kind: it is more useful, but less literary. It is precisely the education required to counteract the torpid tendency of the German mind.

Germany is generally spoken of as the fountain of modern thought, but it is an error to suppose that Germany is a literary nation. It is far less literary than England. Like a fountain, its learning falls down again upon the spot from whence it rose. It does not flow over and stream amongst the people. In England our great thinkers think in the language of the people; they are read by the middle class, and the best of them penetrate to the working-man. But in Germany the great thinkers are impenetrable, and the only good they do is to acquire for the nation a philosophical prestige abroad. It is a curious fact that, if a man writes a short treatise which no one understands, he is enthusiastically despised. But if he writes a work in twelve large volumes which no one understands, he is enthusiastically admired. German thinkers are unintelligible in works of twelve volumes.

But it must be owned that the events of the present war seem calculated to modify some of the popular views of the national character. The German has been called slow and persevering. His movements so far have belied the first assertion, and it seems probable that his progress will confirm the second. He is supposed to be naturally less combative than his neighbour the Gaul, but a student of his literature will perhaps be inclined to question the fact. An exaggerated fondness for polemics is the crying sin of the German thinker. Whether his subject be philosophy, metaphysics, history, theology, or exegesis, he proceeds with exasperating patience to demolish every position taken up by previous writers, before marking out the lines of his own system. If the Germans prove as tenacious in war as in controversy, the present struggle will be a long one.

The practical denial of religion which prevails in Germany has both its virtues and its vices. It has the virtue of abolishing the hypocrisy which is such a blot on the escutcheon of our middle-class. It has all the vices of the shallow scepticism which invariably confounds morality with religion. The German stripling is protected by no fine gossamer of family worship, by no sweet amulet of motherly entreaty, when he goes forth into the world and encounters temptations which he has never been taught to shun. This early contact with vice engenders in him a materialism which contrasts very oddly with his deep and genuine sentimentalism. The two great qualities which it is necessary to examine in order to understand the German spirit, are, German stability and German sentimentality.

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the advantage which the German cause derives from the superior moral stability of the national character. While the Emperor, to whom prestige is all-important, has to break the news of defeat to his excitable Parisians, and to arrange his telegrams with a view to dramatic effect rather than exact information, the German King can afford to tell the truth to his subjects, knowing that defeat will not paralyze nor victory intoxicate them. The effect of this difference in veracity on the other nations of Europe is incalculable. Nothing is so chilling to sympathy as any suspicion of the truth of the narration to which you are listening. Two men were once engaged in a dangerous adventure. The Frenchman was flushed with excitement, the German was pale with fear. The Frenchman taunted the German with his timidity, to which the German bitterly replied,—"If you were one-half as afraid as I am, you would have run away an hour ago." In this story lies the secret of the superiority in the long run of the German army over the French. The French soldier, who drinks absinthe and feels like a field-marshal, who has no home excepting the barrack, and no recollections excepting of his arms, is taught to think of the French army as the irresistible instrument of Providence and French vanity. The idea of being defeated is more ruinous to him than the defeat itself. It would take three defeats to warm the colder-blooded German soldier to certain victory. The German army is an aggregate of sober, intelligent, kindly, and obedient men, endowed with a military constitution, and governed by kings who are soldiers by nature. The result is an army of civilians more formidable than an army of soldiers. It is an army fighting, like one man, for its domestic hearth, and courageous because it fears the terrors of war.

The other notable characteristic of the Germans is their deep sentimentality, which not only colours their social life, but converts their patriotism from a feeling of pride into a feeling of affection. Without the romance of the Frenchman, without the fiery passions of the Spaniard, without the severe decorum of the Englishman towards his sweetheart, the German is more honestly sentimental than any of these. An Englishman in love will shoot himself, a Spaniard will shoot his rival, a Frenchman will adore another man's wife with romantic devotion; but the simple-minded German loves his own wife all the days of her life with a humble and unpretending constancy. This unconscious elevation of feeling binds together the entire family circle, and it is very seldom that in Germany is witnessed the family dissension so common in England. It

also affects his manners, which result in a happy medium between the undignified harlequinade of the French and the awkward stiffness of the English. The Frenchman has a great reputation for politeness; but his politeness is only skin-deep. He will insist upon a lady leading the way out of a drawing-room—but not necessarily out of a sinking vessel. The Englishman will tumble over the lady's dress in the drawing-room, and scold her into the life-boat when the vessel is sinking. But the German is more uniformly polite and chivalrous, and in every respect more consistent. This gentleness of sentiment acting upon his patriotism imparts to it an honest glow, and seems to turn the nation into a great family reverencing a common grandmother. In German patriotic songs you find none of the swagger of French songs, and none of the defiance of English songs; but you find breathing in them a great yearning tenderness, such as a dumb creature might express. It is an instinctive love of the soil, like the child's love for the breast which nurtures it. Englishmen are proud of their race and history, but they never talk seriously amongst themselves about Old England, or gravely sing "Rule Britannia," when their navy is going about all over the world, like a policeman, keeping order. Frenchmen love their country with unwedded love; they flatter her and call her Beautiful France, and when she is in trouble they find that there is some flaw in their agreement, and that she has become too republican, or too monarchical, or too despotic. But the Germans love their country with a homely gratitude. They hold large family parties, at which they sing her praises and drink her health, and when she is attacked by her neighbour, they rival each other in vindicating the family honour.

The many solid virtues of the German race have been dwelt upon sufficiently to shew what conclusion we should arrive at, were we to recapitulate, side by side, the corresponding traits of the two nations. No one can pretend to predict the physical results of the struggle, but the moral results may be in a great measure foreseen. To this easy prophecy we devote a few last words.

Our prayers are apt to be answered in a form which we neither anticipated nor desired. The German has long invoked the blessings of Unity. Whilst he was paying reluctant homage to the gilt gingerbread Grand Duke of Pumpernickel, he wrote exhaustive treatises on the One Fatherland, he sang it in exalted patriotic odes, he smashed glasses in its defence, and at last he saw its fair vision arise from out of the curling smoke-clouds of his long-brooding pipe. So familiar had he become with an ideal that mocked his experience, that it was with a rude shock he awoke one day to find the dream realized, and——the price to pay for it. For four years he has been learning what that price is; and France, reckoning with a cynical assurance upon the disenchantment that follows upon the attainment of a long-cherished desire, now invites him to confess that he is fatigued with greatness, and offers to release him from his self-imposed burden. But France has found herself mistaken. She never could learn Geography, and now she has forgotten History. The German has a tenacious memory, and the kind offer comes from a suspected quarter. Once before in this century a French emperor divided Germany against itself, and laid it prostrate at his feet. But in that degradation the seed of Unity was stamped into its heart. Now that the seed has grown into a far-spreading tree, another French emperor tries to repeat the experiment, and is answered by a shout of defiance, whose many-voiced fulness shows how changed are the conditions. It is the second birth-hour of German Unity. Or rather, it is its baptism of blood and fire.

Again, Germany has to thank France for a moral boon which could be conferred by none but the bitterest foe. For it is purchased at an immense cost of private suffering. The strength that is put forth in this supreme struggle is drawn from all the channels of a nation's life, and leaves them dry and bare. If, for the moment, yielding to the imperious instinct which affirms heroism to be the one thing which cannot be bought too dear, Germany shuts her eyes to the dreary waste of misery by which each step in this campaign is measured, she will have, hereafter, to retrace this waste inch by inch. And she will display a magnanimity far greater than that called for at the crisis of her fate if, in the weakness and collapse when all is over, she can still prize the good for which she has chosen to suffer. The most brilliant successes that she can dare to hope for will be only a little less damaging than defeat itself to her material prosperity, and no gains but those which lie beyond the view of the political economist can be reaped to compensate her for the paralysis of her industry, her wasted fields and desolate homes. But those gains are great. They are involved in the splendid heroism which this struggle is developing in our sordid, pleasure-seeking age.

THE NEW PLAY.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

ON Monday evening, Mr. Compton appeared at the Prince's Theatre in a new character, written expressly for him by Mr. Tom Taylor. This system of writing characters expressly for actors is derogatory alike to the actor and to the play writer. However well the actor plays, he must be supposed to have had no difficulties to overcome, but to have been studied and humoured by the author, like an eccentric millionaire is studied and humoured by expectant friends. The eccentric millionaire is found to be very manageable as long as he always has his own way, but no one would seriously think of complimenting him upon his sweet temper. On the other hand, if the actor is not at his best, it signifies the failure of the author in his task of adapting himself to the actor's peculiar genius. The candid statement that this comedy was written, not in the careless, commanding moments of literary zeal, but that it was written to order, like a lawyer's clerk writes, at once defeats literary criticism. If a man asks your opinion about his new suit of clothes, you do not judge it in reference to any classical model of the human form, but in reference to its fitness to him. It would be equally absurd to judge this comedy as a literary production, instead of judging it in reference to its suitability to Mr. Compton. Mr. Tom Taylor is a man whose brilliant mediocrity has raised him to the front rank of living playwrights, and perhaps we ought to admire the modesty of a statement which plainly says, "I don't pretend to be a genius; I don't pretend to be fired with my subject. When I was young I might, perhaps, before I had a name, abandon myself to my own inclinations, and take the chance of my hardest efforts being performed. But that kind of thing doesn't really pay. To sell in advance is an acknowledged system of trade now-a-days; we have done away with the stupid, honest, old fashion of carrying our goods to market and selling them on their actual merits. We sell by brand now-a-days. A comedy in four acts, branded Tom Taylor, fetches so much. Some rival firms, such as Boucicault & Co., make out that they get thousands of pounds for goods with their name on them, but I believe that this is only a clever advertising trick. Anyhow, gentlemen, come and see my latest transaction. Is it not a bargain? Have I not given good value? Have I not studied my customer? If you like my comedy, recommend your friends, and then, if my clients find it gives satisfaction, they may put some more business in my way another time."

This is the impression which both the announcement and the play itself gave us. It is neither better nor worse than such plays usually are; it is not brilliant, and it is not contemptible. It might have been written in a counting-house from ten till four, until it was finished; but then it is only just to add that the old penman is both able and experienced.

Mr. Compton is an accomplished actor in a certain very refined and very limited sphere of high comedy. His gentleness, his intelligence, his modesty, and his delightful geniality, combine to distinguish him from any other living actor in comedies, witty in themselves, and which only want animating by a self-denying artist. He is not by any means a versatile actor; but he holds a position peculiarly his own as the best representative of some of the most humorous, the most refined, and the most difficult characters in the best English comedies. In parts which do not give full scope to his peculiar talents he is generally less successful than inferior artists; he seems to take no trouble to disguise his personality, and he is apt to interfere with the general illusion. Mr. Toole's imitation of Mr. Compton is always greeted with delight, because it is so true to the life; but it is scarcely flattering to an actor to be so successfully mimicked. It means that his mannerisms are few and inveterate. On this principle, however, Mr. Toole could give a better imitation of himself than of any other actor. Unless Mr. Compton wished to try a new style of character, the part written for him in this play cannot be considered fortunate. It gives no room to Mr. Compton's talent for dry humour and gentle inflections of voice and of meaning, and it shows him in the rôle of a lover, a character for which both his age and his stage experience totally unfit him. The result was

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a colourless performance. There was neither light nor shade in it. As a lover he was not fervent enough; in his anger and jealousy he was not violent enough; in the general simplicity of his bearing he was not enough unaffected and unconscious. He did not leave a life-like impression upon the audience of an heroic, simple-minded, country schoolmaster, but he left a mixed impression of the schoolmaster and Mr. Compton, in which the Mr. Compton element predominated. Mr. Compton is so slim, and his manners are so delicate and almost clerical, that he needs several fat men around him as a background and a relief to his fineness and intellectuality. But he will never make a star actor. He is positively too modest and too much like a gentleman. He cannot fill the stage by himself with the untiring energy and the self-assertion of Mr. Toole, nor can he lounge gracefully upon sofas or leap elegantly from old ruins with the happy audacity of Mr. Sothern. But whatever he plays in, and no matter how he plays it, he is always welcome; he succeeds in establishing a personal relation between himself and his audience, and he endears himself to everybody by his sweetness, his gentleness, and his perpetual glow of good humour.

The general acting of this comedy is very good, and the three ladies are particularly excellent. The scenery is lovely, and, altogether, the piece is well worth going to see. It might with advantage be an hour shorter, as there is no plot to sustain the interest of the spectator. The four idiotic students might with advantage be rusticated. But a play like this, aided by beautiful scenery and good acting, will always please an audience. It makes no severe demands upon their attention; the characters are all familiar to play-goers, and a bright and cheerful impression is left upon their minds.

A RAILWAY COMPENSATION FARCE.

SCENE.—A Court of Injustice.

Before Mr. Baron Wheazby and a (very) common jury.]

Duffer v. the Any Railway Company You Don't Like.—On this case being called on, the junior counsel for the plaintiff rose, and opening the pleadings, said the declaration stated, mumble, mumble, mumble; to which declaration the defendants pleaded mumble, mumble; upon which plea the plaintiff had joined issue, and that was the issue which was now before them.

FIDGETTY JUROR (whispers foreman).—Where? Where is it? I don't see it.

NERVOUS JUROR (in a great stew).—Foreman, foreman! I don't understand. I can't hear. What did he say? I can't comprehend a word of it.

SMUG JUROR.—Very interesting these legal formulæ, when you understand them. (Which he doesn't in the least.)

FOREMAN (in the same plight).—Oh, most interesting.

NERVOUS JUROR (in a violent perspiration). — Foreman, there's another counsel getting up, and I haven't got the least idea what the last one meant. Do ask the judge, for goodness sake!]

SMUG JUROR.—Pooh, pooh, sir.

FOREMAN.—Pooh, pooh, sir.

NERVOUS JUROR.—Well, how can I try the case when I can't understand what's going on? I wash my hands of it. If anything goes wrong, I wash my hands of it.

FIDGETTY JUROR (who has been staring all over the court).—I can't see the issue, and he said it was before us. (Sets down the plaintiff's junior counsel as a liar, and regards him ever afterwards suspiciously.)

Meanwhile the plaintiff's senior counsel has arisen, cleared his throat, and blown his nose. The echo of this last performance having died away, a deathly silence reigns. A pin is heard to drop.

"SILENCE!" roars the usher.

"Silence!" roars the crier.

"Silence!" roar the bobbies.

"Silence!" roars the judge's clerk. (Confusion.)

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR COUNSEL.—(to his junior).—I say, what's the case about? Of course, I haven't read my brief.

PLAINTIFF'S JUNIOR.—Oh, that's quite unnecessary. Common compensation case.

SENIOR.—Compensation! Gad, its well you told me. I was going to open it as a patent case. (Aloud.) May it please your lordship, gentlemen of the jury—(states facts.)

JUNIOR (Whispering).—I say! Dash it! Stop! You're stating the wrong case.

SENIOR.—Eh? (brief consultation). Gentlemen, my learned friend reminds me that the facts are not precisely as I said. However that may be as to the details of the case, you will, I think, find that its general features are, &c., (states quite different facts; gets all wrong; junior tugs his gown), (turns angrily). I wish you wouldn't interrupt me so! (Junior hurriedly suggests) Pshaw! Nothing of the sort. I wish you wouldn't interrupt me! (Turns again, resumes his speech, adopting all his junior's suggestions, perorates, and sits down).

THE JUDGE.—Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble.

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR.—I quite agree with your lordship that the course your lordship has been good enough to indicate is far the most desirable, and one which, if my learned friend does not object—

DEFENDANTS' SENIOR.—I need hardly say that I can have no possible objections to the course which recommends itself as proper to your lordship's vast experience and learning. (To the Plaintiff's Senior.) What *is* the old boy talking about?

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR.—I haven't the remotest idea.

THE JUDGE.—Then we'll take the evidence. (Gesticulates and mumbles frantically, trying to attract the notice of a functionary down below; at length succeeds; the functionary jumps up) I can't find my spectacles. I must have dropt them. Can you tell me where they are?

FUNCTIONARY.—On your lordship's nose.

JUDGE.—Oh—ah—yes. (To Plaintiff's Junior who has been waiting for the last five minutes.) Go on! Go on! We shall be all day! Do get on!

Plaintiff's Junior examines Plaintiff.

JUDGE.—Stop! stop! How can I write it down? Don't go so fast! (Plaintiff's Junior takes the Plaintiff slowly.) Get along, do. Be a little quicker, please. Bless me, how slow you are!

Plaintiff's Junior examines Plaintiff. Plaintiff answers in a wonderfully hale and hearty voice, considering the dreadful injuries he is supposed to have sustained.

JUDGE.—Mumble, mumble.

PLAINTIFF.—I beg your lordship's pardon.

JUDGE.—Mumble, mumble.

PLAINTIFF.—I can't hear your lordship.

JUDGE (with an herculean effort manages to make himself just audible).—I was telling you to speak up, sir. I can't hear a word you say. Speak up!

DEFENDANTS' SENIOR.—Speak up, sir!

USHER.—Speak up!

CRIER.—Speak up!

BOBBIES.—Speak up!

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR (with visible emotion).—Ah, my lord, it is easy for my learned friend to tell my unfortunate client to speak up, but the injunction would come from him with better grace if his own clients had not, by their gross and culpable mismanagement, occasioned that organic injury which, I fear, deprives the plaintiff of the *power* of speaking up. (Sensation amongst Jury.)

JUDGE (scarcely audible).—Are you unable to speak up in consequence of the injuries which you have received from this collision?

PLAINTIFF (in stentorian tones).—I am, my lord. (Immense sensation amongst Jury. Sympathetic juror makes a note of it.)

JUDGE (struck audible by an idea).—Perhaps it made you deaf as well, and that's the reason why you can't hear me?

PLAINTIFF (with alacrity).—It has, my lord. It is, my lord.—(Judge nods at Jury. Sympathetic juror makes another note of it.)

JUDGE (again almost inaudible).—You mean to say you're deaf?

PLAINTIFF.—And dumb, my lord.

JUDGE.—You can't hear what I'm saying?

PLAINTIFF.—Not a word of it, my lord.

JUDGE.—You don't know whether I am speaking?

PLAINTIFF.—Not at all.

JUDGE (to Defendants' Senior).—Can you resist this evidence?

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR.—And that is not all, my lord. I believe, sir, since this accident, you have not been able to earn your own living?

PLAINTIFF.—I have not. (Plaintiff's senior sits down triumphantly.)

DEFENDANTS' SENIOR.—Were you able to earn your own living *before* this accident?

PLAINTIFF.—I was not, sir. I would scorn the action.

DEFENDANTS' SENIOR.—I see. The only actions you don't scorn are actions against railway companies. (Laughs heartily: but no one else does.)

PLAINTIFF'S SENIOR (virtuously).—This levity is ill-timed.

Next appeared the doctor, who averred, on his examination, that the plaintiff might never recover again: on his cross examination, that he might recover the next day; and on his re-examination, that he might recover in ten years.

The plaintiff's senior then addressed the jury in a torrid speech, in which he asked them in what terms he ought to characterize the conduct of the defendants, who, first of all deprived his client of his power of speech, and then instructed counsel to command him to speak up. And he would say before his learned friend's face, anything more unprofessional, more improper, more abominable, than his learned friend's demeanour in that case, that day, he never saw. His learned friend was a reproach to his profession, and it made him blush to think that he belonged to the same calling as so hard, abandoned, and unprincipled a man. (Aside to him): Old fellow, come and do a B. and soda.

DEFENDANTS' SENIOR.—Wait till I've addressed the jury, old buck.

Which he did—to no effect—for Mr. Baron Wheazby summed up dead against him; and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £1,000, an amount which Mr. Baron Wheazby said he quite agreed with, as he would have said if it had been £100. So the plaintiff danced away, to sell his crutches, to the music of the piper that the railway paid. The senior counsel went to do their B. and soda, and the scribe will do the same.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

SALFORD ROWDYISM.

WE had occasion some time since to call attention to the rowdyism which prevailed in Greengate and others streets in Salford at all hours of the day, both on Sunday and on week-days. Last Sunday evening, happening to be in Greengate about seven o'clock, p.m., the various churches, chapels, and gin-palaces being all full of worshippers, we came upon a small crowd, consisting chiefly of women and children, in admiring contemplation of a policeman. Such a phenomenon we had not seen in Greengate for a very long time, and our conclusion was that the inhabitants were lost in admiration at the unusual visitor. Two hundred yards further on we descried another crowd, not quiescent, but surging about in the manner for which the neighbourhood has gained an unenviable notoriety. On arriving at the scene of action, we were witnesses to the conclusion of a very neat pugilistic encounter between four men, two against two. It appears that two Salford roughs had been annoying and molesting two (apparently) country lads, but the latter countered with such rapidity and effect that the attacking party were very completely worsted, and were very glad to retire, soundly pummelled, and with faces so altered that their respective families must have had considerable difficulty in recognizing them. The most singular thing about the whole affair was, that when it was over, and the combatants had left the field, or rather the street, we descried "Robert" coming leisurely along towards the seat of war at a pace which showed that he, at least, had no relish for such pastimes!

LANCASHIRE V. SURREY.

That Lancashire should be constantly beaten in county cricket matches played away from home, however unpleasant the fact may be, has now ceased to excite surprise. Omitting a very unexpected victory gained a few weeks ago by the Lancashire gentlemen against the gentlemen of Warwickshire, we can scarcely call to mind a single occasion, for several years, in which we have won when meeting our opponents on their own grounds. Surrey has gained only two matches this season, and of these one was that against Lancashire last week. Lancashire not only lost, but lost ignominiously, being beaten in one innings. It seems a little difficult to account for the tables being so completely turned. Our eleven, though not including Iddison and Coward, and not therefore the strongest possible, was a capital one, and included some of our best batters and bowlers. Yet neither batters nor bowlers did their work efficiently. Each Lancashire score was insignificant; and in the innings of the Surrey 199 runs were put on, though no batter against whom we have not successfully contended took part in the game. A new bowler—Anstead—was added to their comparatively weak ranks, and made so successful a *debut* that he has been engaged to play in the remaining matches of the season. Mr. Hornby made 38 in the second innings, the only respectable number scored.

MANCHESTER AND BROUGHTON.

The return match between the Manchester and Broughton clubs will be played on the ground of the Manchester club, at Old Trafford, this day (Friday) and to-morrow. The match between the same clubs last month, on the Broughton ground, ended in a draw, owing to the rain, and to the lateness of the day when play was commenced. We trust that both sides will begin earlier this week, and play the match out. The Manchester club can scarcely fail to bring out a strong eleven, as they have so many good players to choose from, both in town and country. We regret to learn that the Broughton side will not be able to play their usual strength, as neither Mr. Wright, Mr. Payne, nor Mr. Charles Makinson are able to put in an appearance. These three gentlemen are all good bowlers, as well as being handy with the bat, and their absence is a serious loss. The Broughton club, however, have some promising young players, who may give a good account of themselves. Mr. H. Whittington, who has been abroad for some years, is beginning to pick up his batting again. Mr. H. Mallalieu, who is not yet out of his teens, promises well; and Mr. Mellor, although his defence is as yet not good, is a tremendously hard hitter. He ought to have been called Pell-Mellor. Both sides will have the benefit of their professional bowlers—Reynolds and Hickton—and some good cricket may be expected.

THE ATHLETIC MANIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—Shortly after the Manchester Athletic Festival numerous complaints were made by the "pot-hunting" fraternity as to the "miserable prizes" given, and assigning that as the cause of the partial failure. You are doubtless aware that, on Saturday last, another Festival was held on the same ground. It was advertised not only very extensively, but very expensively, with a view, no doubt, of attracting great crowds of spectators, whose admission money would pay for the prizes advertised, such as silver cups, on the same principle as the "gate money" speculations at the low professional running grounds. This festival was announced as promoted by the members of a club styled the Manchester Amateur Athletic Club, but jocularly termed in athletic circles "the society for the mutual presentation of cups and medals;" and, from the results of the races, I can fully endorse the opinion expressed by your former correspondent, that the encouragement of physical education was quite a secondary, or even no consideration or necessity with them, as no less than six races out of the thirteen events fell to the lot of the secretary and committeemen; and one of the latter was so well handicapped as to be able to win with nearly a quarter of a mile in hand. The public may easily draw their own conclusions; but it certainly appears to me that the affair was got up for the mutual benefit of the officials connected with the club, as I seldom noticed them opposing each other, or heard of the success of any unofficial member. However, I was glad to perceive that your correspondent's letter had warned the public, who were so conspicuously absent on Saturday last, for there certainly appeared as many officials and policemen on the ground as spectators. A loss will no doubt result, which, I suppose, will be made up by "dunning" for donations, or by each winner subscribing towards the enticing prizes he has won; but as this source of income will soon cease, I think this will be the death-blow to "pot-hunting" meetings. I sincerely hope that all true athletes will in future make the encouragement of physical education their primary object, instead of the acquisition of medals and other prizes which has so justly been made the subject of satire and condemnation.

W. S. S.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.

The Theatre Royal has been closed this week. A company organized by Mr. J. C. Cowper was to have occupied its stage for a month, but

the arrangement appears to have fallen through, almost at the last moment. Mr. Cowper is the owner of several hitherto unacted dramas, with one of which, an historical play by Mr. Barnett, he had intended to open his engagement in Manchester. The Haymarket Company will return here on the 12th of September, and remain until the 1st of October.

THE DROUGHT AND OUR WATER SUPPLY.

The Corporation have at length thought fit to dock the supply of water, and throw themselves upon the mercy of consumers. The wonder is, that they have not been forced to do this long before. In dry, hot weather, when the water supply is smallest, the demand is largest, so that hardly any reservoirs, however capacious, can contain sufficient to maintain through a long drought so great a district as is fed by the half dozen near Woodhead. So excessive is the waste caused by inconsiderate people in the night that it has been very sensibly resolved to turn the tap off altogether in that season. This arrangement might be awkward in case of fire, but it is the only way to deal with such a selfish and short-sighted body as the public. We don't think the saving will be very great from the appeal made by the corporation to its self-denial. Even the decisive stoppage of supply will cause most housekeepers to lay in such a stock, while they can get it, as will neutralise the gain. But those prodigals who leave their taps, and pipes, and garden hoses running all night long, are righteousiy stumped.

SIR JOSEPH.

AIR.—Old Simon, the Cellarer.

To Sir Joseph, the Town Clerk, come many a score
Of Councillors bold and free,
But the loudest of all of them loses his roar
When he's put on his first Com—mit—teé—
When he's one of a large Com—mit—teé.
Of business and routine he never doth fail,
And though Aldermen flatter and Councillors rail,
Yet he only smileth, and quaintly will say,
"I will find them employment while they find the pay;"
And ho, ho, ho, he doth quietly show
Each new coming member the way he should go.

The Mayor, too, he sits in his own private room
And thinks he's the ruler of all,
And if any one doubts it, gets into a fume
And talketh both loudly and tall—
Both loudly he talketh and tall;
But there's a small parlour close by the back-stair,
Where the Town-Clerk has often a chat with the Mayor,
Who finds it much simpler to do as he's told
Than refuse, and be quickly left out in the cold;
For ho, ho, ho, Sir Joseph doth know
Who pulleth the strings of this civic peep-show.

Sir Joseph he sits in his soft-cushioned chair,
Disdainful of clamour and strife,
For while every November must see a new Mayor,
It is plain he's elected for life—
He feels sure he's elected for life;
For Sir Joseph is skilled in the use of his tongue,
And although he's been handsome, is no longer young;
So each new suggestion he knocks on the head,
And the Council they raise him his wages instead.
While ho, ho, ho, he will chuckle and crow;
"What! any be master but Joseph?—No, no!"

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE NISI PRIUS COURT.

THE atmosphere of the Nisi Prius Court—I don't mean the physical atmosphere, but the mind that perambulates those learned precincts—is altogether superior to that of the adjacent Crown Court. The absence of criminals, of police, of gaolers, and relentless book-keepers who appear to be doing a good deal of double entry in criminal statistics—also of the captain, or other military officer, who is high cockalorum in the dock, and is supposed by the public never to have broken a commandment in his life—gives to the Civil Court a repose which to me was refreshing, but which did not apparently affect Alphonse and Gustav in the same way. I think they were rather disappointed that plaintiff and defendant were not in uniform, in order to their better identification. As we passed from one Court to the other, along the cool corridor devised by Mr. Waterhouse, we met lots of learned gentlemen lounging about, all apparently desirous of doing something for their living, and very few getting the chance. They most of them started out of the Library as if with the intention of doing something, but the intention went off before they had gone a few yards, and they turned into some doorway to try to find another. The idle ones, however, did not exhibit any envious sentiments towards those who were busy, nor did the latter take liberties with their less fortunate brethren. Whatever disappointment they might feel or express in chambers, or, as the religious journals would call it, "the privacy of the closet," the idle barristers were jolly enough in the Court, and some of them talked to one another even louder and with more spirit than the little Q.C. who was then addressing the jury, and who, although he did not open his mouth very wide, always kept it open, even when he was silent, and more especially when he had a mumbling witness in hand, from which Alphonse and Gustav were led to believe that he listened with his mouth and masticated with his ears.

Both my foreign friends were very much pleased with the learned judge, who was as bright and sharp as a blackbird looking at a grass-plat for incidents; I mean sharp in intellect, not in temper. He bothered neither witness nor counsel unnecessarily; and when he asked a question, or suggested a point, you felt that it was all for the good of the case. A neat, precise "body," personally, as the Scotch would say, with lively black eyes, with a piercing, intent look, and no meddlement about him at all. He rolled the evidence on both sides into a compact shape, and gave it to the jury shorn of all the gammon-and-spinach of the bar. The bar did not treat him, as I have known them treat some of his brethren—making very light of his judgments and dicta, as though he were as green as a gooseberry and as wise as a goose—so that the last sucking barrister felt himself justified in talking of "Old Ermine, bless you, who cares for him? Jolly old duffer! Why Johnny Barkiss or Billy Cadger can twist him round their little fingers." The junior bar have a very great habit of intimating indirectly that they possess great intellectual force, and they exchange with one another injurious remarks about the Bench as being obsolete owls in many cases.

I had considerable difficulty in making Alphonse and Gustav understand that the gentlemen in the front row and habited in silk gowns—being Queen's Counsel—have precedence over the gentlemen behind them, particularly as one of the hindermost gentlemen always spoke first; and even when I had inspired them with the information I don't think they carried it away in their minds. The Q.C's., I noticed, were either very tall men or very short ones, but mostly tall and good-looking. They had all a great habit of getting their robes away from their stomachs and baring that portion of their systems as if to give freer play to their ideas. One of the smaller Q.C's., by no means a portly man, made so much of his belly that he looked all belly, like a young robin, and he held his head on one side, and eyed creation very much like a young robin at the nest side. Considerable mannerism prevails at the bar, which destroys individuality and renders the proceedings needlessly monotonous. Why a man when examining a witness should think it necessary to keep

saying "Very well," "very good," vay—ry—well, vay—ry good, as if most witnesses were such drivelling idiots that it was creditable to that one to have answered the question at all—and why, because one man does it, they should all do it, is one of the mysteries of the bar of England. Or why, when a witness is under cross-examination, his replies should be repeated with barristerial garnish—such as "Oh! you saw him, did you"—"I've no doubt you did"—as who should say—you, witness, are a perjured thief, whose character I will expose before this Court and the jury sworn, is also to me a puzzle as being in the nature of an unfair advantage. I felt a blush for the bar, which I know to be worthy of the best men who have ever joined it, when a cobbler's wife was told by the bouncing Q.C., who was cross-examining her, that *he did not understand the details of her husband's profession* (laughter), as if any one expected he should, or as if calling shoemaking a profession was dainty humour to set before the bar. What was the necessity for gallivanting with sprightly syllables and nimble phrases over the poor woman—lions and noble beasts with four feet don't do such things. When the woman hesitated a moment, the learned gentleman—wit, scholar, casuist, rhetorician, statesman, perhaps, some day—was down upon her with "Come, come, Mrs. Bradawl (easy cajolement) you are fluent enough ordinarily, I am sure; do oblige me with an answer." I call that poor fun—small intellectual fodder for a gentleman. But I am told it was done by Charley Wilkins, and that ought to settle the question. All I can say from present experience is, that juries don't like it, and that when witnesses, and especially women, are pulled about forensically, in order to air the professional abilities of learned counsel, it is generally considered to their disadvantage in the verdict.

Altogether the bar suffers much from mannerism. Individuality gets put aside and the leading men knead each other into kindred shapes. Voice and face must differ, of course, but intonation and inflexion are mostly in the same pitch, especially in speeches for the defence, and especially in hopeless speeches for the defence. I wondered at that very much, as being a point thrown away in advocacy. What I should have liked will probably have been Scarlett's force at the bar, though I never heard him. The defence speeches were all strident, indignant—and every one was glad when they were finished. If the learned gentleman commenced in a conversational tone, and as if he desired to draw it mild, he, bye-and-bye, got into the old rut, and wired away in the strident, indignant, and, as I call it, indigent strain. Perhaps the strongest man there was the quietest; and he certainly wearied the jury less than men of greater oratorical power. There was about him a calm repose, which one felt as grateful, amongst the Bashanism about him. Occasionally clients may have thought him too calm, especially as his voice now and again falls into a croak, and his countenance but seldom lights up with varying expression. A wise man husbanding his resources all round, caring little for show; not repeating all the witnesses say over again to the beat of his own body against the desk before him, like Seckerson, the bear, in Shakspere, but standing still with almost a lacadaisical weary air, and a thorough absence of flaunt. Let no man dream that the weary air is a sign of mental sluggishness: above all, let no opponent so dream.

Thirty years past, when, as a schoolboy, I used to "beg off" to go to the Nisi Prius Court at Stafford, and listen to Serjeant Talfourd and Richard Godson and Valentine Lee, and to be awed by the grave presence of Justices Coleridge and Patteson, and especially by the cruel nose of Baron Gurney, the most awful of them all, I sometimes thought that the Bar was without doubt the finest of the professions, and that if I could have picked and chosen I should have cast in my lot with the wigs and gowns. Remembering the bar then, and regarding it now, some of the golden halo I feel has gone—gone with other haloes which the black wing of time has scared—but still, the profession which can boast of Willes and Mellish and Hatherley, and which looks to Roundell Palmer as perhaps its most illustrious son, must, in spite of many minor imperfections, still afford to the ambitious man a noble avenue to honour, wealth, and fame.

ROWSLEY AND CHATSWORTH.

ONCE a manor house, or something of the kind, as we are told, the Peacock, at Rowsley, still keeps up its old external appearance. It is a low building, long, and one-storied; and its windows, with small diamond-shaped panes, are constructed on a principle much affected by our ancestors. When these windows are open they let in as little air as possible, and when shut they rattle dreadfully in windy weather. The entrance is a handsome square porch, covered with ivy and roses, and surmounted by a cleverly-carved stone peacock, of the heraldic breed, with a curly tail; and over the door is a puzzle to travellers in the shape of a flat stone having for inscription,

JOHNSTE
VENSON.

This would seem to point to fat haunches in some way, but is merely a kind of memorial of one departed John Stevenson. The size of the house cannot be judged by the frontage that shows into the road. It is from the garden, extending down one side, that a fair idea of its proportions can be gained, while the garden itself is one of the most delightful things in Rowsley. Only promise not to pick the flowers (a most needful precaution in these days of excursions), and the kind hostess will let you walk about there as long as you please, tourist of passage though you be, and your stay but an hour or two at most.

It is but seldom now that we come across gardens filled with those charming old-fashioned flowers, more grand and beautiful as they are than all the modern "inventions" of gardeners and gardening art. So we walk through the little gate at the right hand of the front entrance, and find a neat lawn stretching along the side of the house, and beds well filled with flowers, not too regularly set. Here is a weeping ash, and a very fine and well trained one, the haunt of earwigs, beetles, and other amiable insects; there a path between two rows of rose trees in full bloom, overthick with blossom, perhaps; behind them will come, in time, a grand procession of hollyhocks (one of the most neglected and despised of all our flowers); here and there the tall, fragile, and feminine white lily, whilst pansies, peonies, violets, and many other of the most beautiful of English flowers, are planted everywhere. We speak of them as they have been and will be, for the Peacock garden is not a forcing house, and the plants in it bloom in their proper sequence and not at abnormal periods. At the end of the garden, down a few steps, we come to what is called the "long walk," a path running the whole length of the flower and kitchen gardens till it is stopped by the railway embankment, which is, by the way, most conveniently placed so as to wholly block out what would be a delightful view up the Valley of the Derwent towards Chatsworth. The "long walk" is bordered on one side by a tall hedgerow, over which stand the roses and lilies, and over them the picturesque roof and chimneys of the hotel (the chimneys are picturesque in this case); and on the other by the Derwent, fringed by tall trees. We are in a small and narrow orchard, and the fruit is plentiful. Two or three nut trees bend down with their weight of fruit.

Rowsley being but a small village, there are no so-called "objects of interest;" but if to be prettily situated at the head of three delightful valleys, with walks and drives in all directions, be not enough to constitute it an "object of interest" in itself, there is nothing to be said. First there is the walk through the Rowsley meadows, along the banks of the Wye, starting from the Old Mill (well known by many pictures). Any one loving pure English landscape will find that interesting enough. Then there is the celebrated Darley Dale, the way to Matlock along the Derwent; another through the village and over the hill to the back of Haddon Hall; and lastly, besides many ways through woods and over hills, is the usual route, up the Derwent valley, to Chatsworth and Edensor.

Crossing the railway just beyond the Peacock, and turning to the

left from the station, is the road which, after about three and a half miles on high ground, from which the country and valley are seen to perfection, brings us to the gates of Chatsworth Park. A very magnificent park it is, with noble trees and large patches of fern, crowded with deer, and traversed by two broad drives, one on each side of the Derwent, which bisects it. Chatsworth would be unexceptional were it not for the House, which, at the distance, if you be short-sighted, looks somewhat like a white factory on a large scale; and close to, whatever its architectural merits or demerits, looks entirely out of place in the unkempt, and in parts forest-like, park that environs it. On the banks of a "tame" river like the Thames, where the water is wide and lake-like, Chatsworth House would not be objectionable; in Derbyshire it is—bathos. Just before reaching the entrance to the gates the tourist will be forcibly reminded that he is a tourist, for he will see, almost hidden by trees, a curious, tall, stone, square building, with a carved parapet, half-covered with ivy, surrounded by a moat, which is crossed by a stone bridge and flight of stairs, and with trees, yews and ashes, growing in the centre; and he will be told that it is called "Mary's Bower," and that the inside was once a garden, in which the inevitable Mary Queen of Scots was allowed to take her exercise during such times as she was in confinement at Chatsworth. Whether the story be correct or not we never inquired, for it might have involved many other narrations concerning her Derbyshire visitation. If her death were unjust, the persistant anecdotes anent her are a sufficient vengeance upon the descendants of the executioners.

It is no use blinking the fact: Chatsworth as a show is eminently unsatisfactory, and it is impossible to believe that the hordes of people who pass through it in the year can really derive pleasure from what they see. If they imagine fondly that they are gaining an insight into ducal life and the places in which dukes abide, it is to be hoped that they are mistaken. To be hurried through a number of cold and shivering state apartments, the furniture covered over, except one chair, of which the leg is exposed that you may therefrom judge of the upholstery of the rest; to be shown malachite tables presented by the Emperor of All the Russias; to be called upon to notice most elaborate wood carving without being allowed time to examine it, and to be told to look at ceilings painted in a very inferior and false style of decorative art, is what the visitor to Chatsworth is made to suffer. It would be expected that the picture galleries would at least repay for the trouble of passing through the state rooms, but even they are disappointing. Anything worse for the purpose than these picture galleries could hardly be. It is scarcely possible to see a picture when standing before it, and the pictures themselves are about worthy of the galleries in which they are placed. The room containing sketches of old masters is undoubtedly most valuable, and would be worth going any distance to see; but alas! the greater portion are isolated by a rope barrier, and you are not allowed to stay long enough to examine a tenth of those not warded off. It is only when you come to the gardens that you are rewarded for previous trouble and disappointment. The grounds are certainly charming, and beautifully arranged. However, even here there is an element of "show" that is objectionable. In the house you are swindled by a violin painted on a panel of a door, and which might well be mistaken for a real one; in the garden is what looks like a leafless tree, but is nothing more than a lot of copper pipes having a jet at the end of every twig, and if you be close to it it will give you a wetting when the gardener turns the water on. In another part, a narrow path is blocked by a large boulder stone, and excursionists are allowed to puzzle themselves how they are to get over it, and then shown that the stone is in a pivot and can be pushed round as easily as opening a gate. All these things should be beneath the dignity of Chatsworth. They savour more of the Crystal Palace or Belle Vue. The great charm of the place, after all, is the Park, and nothing interferes with the enjoyment of it. There is plenty of room to get out of the way of excursion parties even.

Leaving the house, and crossing the bridge past Mary's Bower, we turn to the right, over some rising ground, and come upon another entrance to the park, just within which is the little "model village" of Edensor. It is a queer-looking place, composed of a number of cottages and a church. Each cottage is said to be of a separate design and style, and the effect is one of confusion and bewilderment. It looks like one of those models of Swiss villages, all eccentric chalets, with moss for grass and trees, and something like brown sand-paper for pathways, pasteboard rocks, looking-glass water, and a white cardboard church in the centre. What the internal arrangements may be we don't know; no doubt they are excellent, but the external appearance is somewhat of a caricature.

From here we can, if there be time, go on as far as Baslow, which is well worth seeing, if only for the view from the garden of the hotel; or we can go by another road to Bakewell again, unless the charms of quiet Rowsley induce us to return the way we came. Of course there are many short field paths and walks through woods that we cannot enumerate here; the visitor will soon find them for himself. We have only pointed out the straight ways from place to place; and are sure that there is no district so near Manchester where so much that is interesting and beautiful can be found within such convenient compass.

CITY WAR NOTES.

FROM OUR SCRAMBLING REPORTER.

BEFORE these lines reach you, probably, battles and events of the most momentous nature may have occurred, which may cause your correspondent's notes to appear somewhat stale and obsolete. Nevertheless, they convey information and details of the war which are likely to become historical, and which will not be found in the columns of your contemporaries. Since you last heard from me, a fortnight since, I have incurred many of the vicissitudes of a war correspondent's career. I have been knocked about from pillar to post, endured all sorts of hardships, and been exposed to every kind of indignity. Old Palmerston is dead, and "Civis Romanus sum" has ceased to be of the slightest avail. First I fell into the hands of the Philistines, I mean the Prussians, at the Albert Club and the Schiller Anstalt, and lost all my money at whist and billiards. This put me under the necessity of visiting my uncle in Deansgate, who still has the Lombardy arms over his shop door, and turn every available article of property into cash. I am bound to say, however, that the Germans treated me well in other respects. Having released me and given me safe conduct to the French lines, I found that I was looked upon with the utmost suspicion, and taken for a Prussian spy. If it had not been for the intervention of Prince Napoleon (Jerome), whom I had once met at the Waterloo Coursing Meeting, I should certainly have been shot. Even as it was, I was systematically followed and dodged about by Inspector Shandley, who seemed to think that there was something very suspicious in my eating oysters with (and at the expense of) a friend, in Mr. Sinclair's shop in Victoria Street.

Irritated and wearied out with the well-known detective's superveillance, I took refuge in the sanctuary of the cathedral, where morning service was going on. There, lulled by the drowsy atmosphere of the place and the soporific drone of the officiating canon's voice, I fell into a sweet and refreshing slumber, on awaking from which I found that the service was over, the congregation dismissed, the church locked-up, and myself locked in. This was a nice predicament, and all the time a battle might be raging outside, an accurate description of which was requisite for the columns of the *Sphinx*. Groping about the place, I found that the Dean and Canons were not altogether destitute of the means of administering to creature comforts, like the monks of St. Bernard, who entertain travellers gratis. I availed myself of the opportunity and partook of the beverage which both cheers and inebriates. I again fell asleep, and, like Eutychus of Troas, fell off my seat with a crash. The noise woke up a sleeping apparitor, who had retired for a snooze to the Derby Chapel, to escape the heat. Approaching me with that severity of aspect which only vergers can assume, he seized me by the scruff of the neck, vowing that he had "knowed" me ever so long, that he had had his "heye" upon me, and now had caught me at last. Now he could "hacccunt" for the way in which the Dean and Canons' old port went. However, after explanations on my part, with the accompaniment of a gratuity, in something of the nature of a baptismal fee, and seeing that the plate was safe, he suffered me to go. No sooner had I got out at the northern porch than there was that dreadful Shandley again, who had been waiting and watching like a terrier at a rat hole for hours. Bolting round by Fennel-street, and making a feint towards Hanging Ditch, I doubled like a hard-pressed

hare, and sought refuge in that respectable Alsatian haven, the Crosier. There the two Sisters of Mercy relieved my necessities, for which I here record the thanks of an unknown and persecuted correspondent, who, like the Apostle, has been "in labours abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in"——but no! after that last-mentioned trial, it is needless to enumerate more sufferings and pile on the agony any further.

The Sisters of Mercy having made glad the heart of the scrambler, he once more proceeded on his mission; but, heaven and earth, I had not passed through Long Millgate before that terrible man was at my heels again. Putting on a spurt, I crossed Market-street at the most imminent danger of being run over and crushed to death. Perceiving a door open I rushed inside a large building which turned out to be the Royal Exchange. There, like an ostrich, I buried my head in the sands of the *Daily Bellowgraph*, in which I found some tremendous crammers from the seat of war, which, with all the digestive powers of the aforementioned bird, I found more difficult to swallow than tenpenny nails. Engrossed with the Romance of the war, I did not observe the approach of an officer in a blue frock, who asked me for my credentials. Having changed my waistcoat that morning, I had not the requisite blue morocco ticket with me, and could not satisfy the mind of the zealous functionary. He took me before the Quartermaster-General, who tried me by court-martial, and sent me before the Magistrates. The Mayor, who presided, evidently did not believe a word I said, but remarked that he had a great mind to give me seven days at Belle Vue, a prison to which he had previously consigned old Phuddles, of the *Red Bank Gazette*. Fortunately, the Rambling Reporter of the *City News* happened to come in, and he at once testified to my identity. His Worship then received me most graciously, introduced me to Mr. Headlam and other magistrates, and concluded by presenting myself and my deliverer, the R. R. of the *C. N.*, with two huge illuminated cards on which were our names, inviting us to dinner the same evening at his own house, to meet the High Sheriff, the Judges of Assize, and the Grand Jury, and a regular jollification we had, I assure you. The foreman of the G. J., the M.P. for Bury, is a tremendous brick at a dinner-table, and nearly as jovial as his big brother Mark of Snitterfield. But enough! as Hamlet says, "Somewhat too much of this." So I must cut short my own adventures, and tell you more about the armies.

On Monday last Marshal Jennison, accompanied by General Von Molkte, ascended in one of Coxwell's balloons from Belle Vue Gardens, and surveyed the whole country and the positions of both armies. Having taken photographs, they made a safe descent at the head-quarters of the King, where a council of war was immediately held, and a forward movement resolved upon. On the following day the army under the command of the Crown Inn Prince effected a junction with the forces of King Charles Calvert, at the Prince's Theatre of War. While the movement was going on, Prince Henry Compton executed a diversion in their favour by appearing in the popular interlude of *The King and the Comedian*, which was highly relished by the publicans in general and the Crown Prince in particular. The Prince of Comedians then addressed the troops, in the style with which we are familiar, through Cornet Ollapod. His recitation of Macaulay's lines, commencing as follows, had an electric effect upon the soldiers:—

> The King has come to marshal us all in his armour drest,
> And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
> He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
> He looked upon the traitor, and his glance was stern and high.

The king himself was looking remarkably well, and was mounted upon his famous "property" charger, best known to the public as the horse bestridden by Signor Tagliafico, as the Commandant in the opera of *Don Giovanni*. His Majesty was accompanied by Mr. P. Rae and Mr. J. Wainwright, as General Von Molkte and Count Bismark. The latter wore a uniform of deep red, resembling Mephistopheles in *Faust*, and flames issued from his horse's nostrils. The King reviewed the troops with extraordinary energy on the stage of the Prince's Theatre of War, passing at a gallop from the right to the left wing. Occasionally he used very strong language indeed, owing, perhaps, to his residing so much at Potsdam, and sent off several despatches by the call-boy to the Queen, who was in the Green Room. The despatches announced the Crown Inn Prince's "wonderful luck," and contained various appeals to heaven. Mr. Bracewell was at the head of the army of supernumeraries, and Miss Mc Ginty in command of the corps de ballet, both of which were minutely inspected by the King. Miss Fanny Brough is the Daughter of the Regiment. The Crown Inn Princess remains with the Royal children at the Palace on the Didsbury Road.

The Emperor Napoleon Binyparte visited the cantonments some days since. Having found the commissariat in an inefficient state, he, through General Fredericks, kicked up the deuce's own delight, and several explosions of wrath took place, similar to the shells which were hurled by Dr. Slammer and burst upon the devoted head of Mr. Alfred Jingle, in the pages of *Pickwick*. There was a deficiency of fruit and vegetables. The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, visited in person the Shudehill and Smithy Door markets. Shudehill was pre-claimed and declared to be in a state of sage, and Smithy Door in a state of sausage. The Prince Imperial stood his first baptism of fruit very well, remarking, "Papa, there are a great many plums hereabouts." "Yes, my son," said his Majesty, in a firm voice, without removing his eye-glass. Several of the old market women wept at seeing the Prince's calmness. The Prince took a plum from Coupland's stall, and ate it with evident relish. He then made a rough sketch of the scene, which he presented to one of his old Blackpool schoolfellows. Since that day he has been in half a dozen places at once—at Metz, Paris, London, Spring Gardens, Worsley, and Chowbent.

A reconnoitring force preceded a general advance of the whole army. After a great deal of marching and counter-marching in single file, in the money order office of the Post Office, an order was procured after the lapse of half an hour. The sinews of war having thus been provided, the word was given, and the whole force deployed into Market Street, and, wheeling round at the double into Cross Street, they advanced upon the Stock Exchange. The Germans meanwhile had come round by King Street, and lay concealed in the back slums of Chapel Walks, and in the Almacen. There they were reinforced by the (White) Bear Contingent, while the French were joined by a strong (Black) Bull division. Swarming up the steps of the Stock Exchange, the two armies encountered each other in the room. A tremendous battle commenced between the bulls and bears, which afterwards became general. Field guns, mitrailleurs, needle guns, popguns, Chamber-pots, inkpots, stinkpots, contangos, backwardations, and every description of shot and shell, fell like hail. The carnage was fearful—a genuine Bull's Run on one side and Bear's Shambles on the other. The Grand Trunk rails were torn up, and the Sheffield line all but destroyed. The fortress of Luxembourgs was attacked, but the attack was repulsed. General Pitchandtossard performed prodigies of valour, and lost his whole army except a few Metropolitans, while Marshal Macaroon charged with his Turcos eleven times in succession, only to encounter fresh resistance. After the battle had raged a whole day, the French ammunition fell short. Neither shares, stock, nor margins were left: the broken columns began to give way, and the retreat was sounded. General Pitchandtossard fell back upon his "Mets;" and Marshal Macaroon, taking with him a few Turcos, wished he was with Nancy. The victorious Germans bivouacked upon the field of battle. They afterwards invested in a large Strasbourg pie, which speedily capitulated.

Since the above was written the Prussians have won another victory, and the French who are in full retreat, have left all their Mets or Metropolitan shares behind them. Marshal Macaroon has deserted Nancy and gone to Besses o' the Barn. Such fickleness has demoralised his troops and he is looked upon as the Mark Anthony of the campaign. General Pitchandtossard is fortifying himself at Bill's o' Jack's, beyond Oldham. It is expected that the final stand will be made at Snigbruk, the capital of the county, which is being strongly fortified; Councillor Semiterry is in command, and has impressed all the cotton bales in the place. They make excellent bastions. The Councillor has armed the whole male and female population of Snigbruk with picking staves, a weapon the use of which they acquired at municipal and parliamentary elections. Here the final stand will be made. Should Snigbruk fall, the British Empire will of course go to pieces, and a provisional government will succeed. Woman's rights will be established, all taxes will be abolished, the tiger will eat grass like the ox, the lion lie down with the lamb, and Dr. Cumming's prophecies be fulfilled.

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GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

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JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

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JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June, 1870. General Manager.

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On Sunday, 21st August, A CHEAP TRAIN TO GRIMSBY AND CLEETHORPES (High water at Grimsby at 1-0 p.m.) will run as under;—

STATIONS.	Time a.m.
Manchester .....Dep	6 0
Ardwick ..... „	6 4
Stalybridge ..... „	6 0
Ashton ..... „	6 5
Dunkinfield ..... „	6 8
Oldham (Clegg Street) „	6 0
Park Bridge ..... „	6 5
Guide Bridge ..... „	6 16
Newton ..... „	6 24
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) „	6 10
Woodley ..... „	6 18
Godley ..... „	6 30
Dunford ..... „	7 7
Grimsby ..... arr.	10 15
Cleethorpes ..... „	10 30

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R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1870.

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Stalybridge	12 50
Ashton (Park Parade)	12 54
Oldham (Clegg Street)	1 23
Guide Bridge	1 55
Stockport (Tiviot Dale)	1 35
Woodley	1 43
	a.m.
New Mills	11 44
Marple	11 27
	p.m.
Newton	2 8
Godley	2 13
Mottram	2 18
Dinting	2 25
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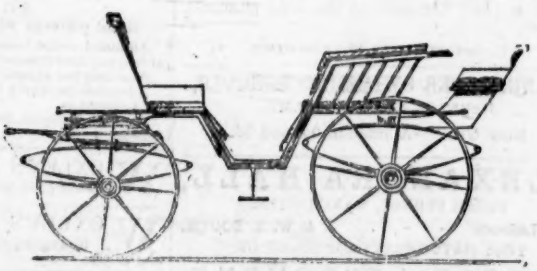

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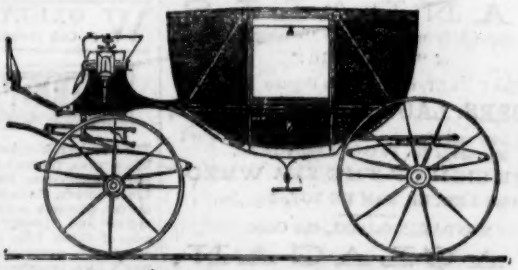

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